EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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PLOUGHING THE FIELDS.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

BY HELEN MAUD HARMER.

"DON'T be long, Charlie. I don't want to read it by myself," said Maud Marston, as she watched her brother packing his fishing-tackle for a few hours' enjoyment with a boy friend.

"All right, Maudie," replied Charlie, strapping his bag. "I'll promise to be back by three o'clock at latest; and you have a nice, cool place here, or would you like to go indoors before I am off?"

"Oh, no," answered Maudie, settling herself more comfortably; "it is so dull indoors, and Martha is going out this afternoon; so mind you come back, or I shall be alone."

"Oh, I'll be back, never fear," said Charlie, as he kissed his sister good-by. "Tell Martha she need not stay in, for I'll be back in good time, and then we can have a nice read;" and with a nod and a smile Charlie turned down the garden path to join the boy waiting at the gate.

Maud Marston had the double misfortune to have lost her mother when she was quite a child, and to be a confirmed invalid. A severe fall, when a baby, had so injured her that she was seldom able to move without help. Her father was a clerk, receiving a fair salary but not sufficient to allow of their keeping more than one servant. However, he was fortunate in securing one who took a personal interest in his small household; for Maud had only one brother, and was consequently more dependent on Martha than she would have been if she had had a sister.

A few months after his wife's death, Mr. Marston took a small house a few miles from the city. He found the rent cheaper, and he hoped the country air might improve his little daughter's health; but as time went on, it was plain that Maud grew little better, and perhaps the dull life she led may have depressed her spirits, and so retarded her recovery.

As Mr. Marston was obliged to leave home early in the morning and could not return until late in the evening, Maud saw little of her father except on Sundays, when he spent nearly the whole day in reading to her. Martha was occupied with household duties the greater part of the time; and even if she had been able to keep Maudie company, she was not just the person best fitted to understand a weak, ailing child, naturally much given to thinking and dreaming.

Therefore, it was to Charlie that Maud turned with her fanciful and somewhat peculiar ideas, and in him she generally found much sympathy and comfort.

Charlie was extremely fond of his sister, who was two years younger than himself. He studied his lessons with her, and taught her what he had learned during the day; he told her everything that happened that he thought would amuse her, and gave up many a pleasure that he might hasten home and cheer her dull day.

But, alas! Charlie had one grave fault, in spite of his good temper and kind heart. It was the habit of promising too readily, and finding out too late that he was unable to keep his word. It came so easily to him to say "Yes," when asked to promise anything, that he forgot to weigh the matter well before pledging his word, and often caused a great deal of disappointment and vexation to his playmates, and sometimes to his sister also.

The morning on which our story opens was the first of Charlie's summer vacation, and he was reading an interesting story to Maudie, who was reclining on a sofa under a shady group of trees, and thinking herself one of the happiest girls in the world to have such a kind brother. Their reading, however, was soon interrupted by Martha, who came to announce that a boy was waiting in the hall for Charlie.

"He tells me you promised to be at the creek by ten o'clock this morning," said Martha.

"There!" cried Charlie, jumping up with dismay on his face, "I quite forgot I had promised to go fishing with Jack Bates. I guess he is quite mad with me. I suppose I'll have to go. Oh, Maudie, I am so sorry!"

"Never mind, Charlie," answered Maudie, trying hard not to show her disappointment. "If you *promised*, you must go."

Charlie was really sorry, and half inclined to stay at home; but Maud urged him to keep his word, and at last persuaded him to go.

She watched the last glimmer of Charlie's straw hat disappear, and then took up her crochet and tried to make the time pass more quickly; but it was not quite eleven o'clock now, and it seemed an age to three.

At half past twelve Martha brought a tray with Maudie's dinner.

"Do you think Master Charlie will be back in time for me to go out to-day?" asked Martha, as she arranged Maud's pillows. "I want to see how my little niece is; she was real sick last week when I went home."

"Oh, go, by all means," replied Maud. "Charlie will be back by three; he did not want to go at all."

"Well, then I will get all ready to go."

Maud ate her dinner and tried not to feel dull. It was a lovely day. The sun was strong and hot, but did not penetrate the trees that shaded Maudie's sofa. It seemed almost impossible to believe that it could ever rain again.

Three o'clock came, and Martha, dressed ready for walking, came once more to Maud to see if Charlie had come through the back way without her seeing him.

"No, he is not here," said Maud; "but you need not stay. Charlie is sure to be home in a few minutes, and if you do not take the car that is just coming, you won't get to town till past five o'clock. I don't mind being left."

"You are very kind, Miss Maudie," said Martha. "I don't like to leave you, but still I did want to go. It may rain to-morrow."

"It is n't likely to rain," answered Maudie, "but please don't wait. I don't mind being left alone for a little while."

"Well, shall I wheel your sofa indoors?" said Martha. "There might come a shower, though it does n't look much like it, and you could not get in alone."

"Oh, no, thank you," replied Maudie. "It is too hot indoors, and I 'm sure it won't rain to-day."

So Martha went out, and Maud was left alone to wait for Charlie. How long the time seemed, as she lay there watching the blue clouds chase each other! At length, overcome by the sultry heat, she fell asleep.

After what seemed to her but a few minutes, she awoke with a start, feeling something falling on her face, and looked up only half awake. Where had the beautiful sunny sky gone to? Overhead she saw nothing but dark, heavy clouds; and what she had felt on her face was the first drops of a heavy summer shower.

Maudie looked up in speechless horror. What should she do? She tried to rise, but a sudden sharp pain in her back caused her to fall back again, and she felt it would be impossible to move. Faster and faster fell the rain, and poor Maudie knew that she could do nothing but lie still and be drenched through.

Meanwhile, Charlie and Jack had been having what they called a real good time. Plenty of unfortunate little fish had been caught by the tempting bait, and in the enjoyment of the sport Charlie, as usual, quite forgot his promise to be home early, till Jack said, —

"Why, it must be long past dinner-time; let 's have a rest, and get our lunch."

"Oh, say," exclaimed Charlie, "look at the sun! It must be past three o'clock, and I promised Maudie to be home."

"Oh, well, we can't go just yet," said Jack. "Your sister won't mind just for once, it is such a good day for fishing."

But Charlie knew Maud would mind, more especially as Martha would be out. However, when they had finished their lunch, he yielded so far as to throw his line once more, and of course he soon forgot how fast the time was going.

"Oh, look how dark the sky is getting!" said Jack, suddenly looking up.

"I am afraid there will be a regular storm," said Charlie. "Let 's hurry up!" And he drew in his line, and began to pack his bag.

But long before they were ready to start, the rain began to fall, slowly at first, but increasing so rapidly that both boys wondered how they would reach home. They climbed up the bank, and began running along the road as fast as they could.

"Here, boys!" cried a voice, as they were passing a cottage, "for goodness' sake come in out of the rain!" and the boys, who were very wet by this time, were very glad to accept the invitation.

The shower lasted over an hour, and to Charlie's horror he saw, as they were leaving the cottage, that it only wanted ten minutes to six o'clock. More angry with himself than he could say, he hastily said good-by to Jack, whose home was in a different direction, and hurried on.

He reached the front door and hastily turned the handle; it was locked. "Maudie was afraid," he muttered, and turned to the back door. To his surprise, that was fastened also. In another moment he had opened the kitchen-window and was in the house, calling "Maudie! Maudie!" at the top of his voice. But no answer came.

"Perhaps she is asleep," he thought, and hurried into the sitting-room, and then into all the other rooms; but no Maudie could he find.

He was bewildered and frightened. Suppose some one had taken Maudie away! and instantly there flashed through his mind stories he had heard of children being taken away and left to starve and die alone.

Almost wild with anxiety he dashed out of the house and went to the spot where he had left his sister that morning. Yes, there was her sofa dripping wet, and there was something on it. Was it possible? Could that tumbled heap be Maudie? Hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry, Charlie gently touched it.

"Maudie, dear Maudie," he said, as the bundle slowly turned toward him, and he saw it really was his sister, "oh, how can you ever forgive me?" and, boy though he was, he began to cry as if his heart would break.

"Don't, don't, Charlie dear!" said Maudie, shivering. "If I could only get indoors, I would n't mind."

Charlie lifted her in his strong arms and carried her into the sewing-room. To light the fire and get hot water was his first thought; and just as he had with wonderful quickness done this, the door-bell rang, and to his intense delight he saw Martha, who had returned earlier than usual.

Martha soon understood what had happened; and, despatching Charlie to the nearest doctor, she gave Maud a hot bath.

Mr. Marston returned at night to find his usually quiet house in a state of commotion. Dr. Barratt pronounced that Maud had received a severe chill, and she might not be able to leave her bed for some weeks. It was a lesson to Charlie for life; and never after did he make a promise without first carefully thinking over the consequences.

Maud got better, and during the days of her long convalescence no one was kinder, or more patient and thoughtful than Charlie.

THE FAIRY FOREST.

BY W. G. E., JR.

A LONG time ago, and far from here, there was a great city, and near it a desert. Many merchants and others travelled to and from this place, and those who crossed the desert were certain of suffering from thirst, heat, or hunger: and so it was for many years. Now, not far from this city there was a great cave, of which the people knew nothing. In the cave dwelt thousands of fairies. They were indeed happy in their wonderful home. There penetrated into every part a gentle light; and the blooming of the flowers, and the singing of birds and fountains, and the laughter of the fairies kept up a constant harmony. Living thus under the soothing influence of Nature's loveliest works, they forgot themselves, but in forgetting themselves, they forgot others. They were not selfish, but they were not generous. Did I say all? For that would be wrong. There was the Queen of the fairies, who amid all her blessings did not forget the debt to Him who gave. For a long time she thought to herself, "I must do something to show the Father that I am grateful." One night, at last, she knelt and prayed: "Tell us, O Father, how we may thank thee for all our blessings!" and she felt a thrill, and for a few moments she seemed to herself holy, as she was under the inspiration of self-consecration; and then a thought came in, and many more, and all were clear and plain before her. That night she lay in restless rapture, and on the next day, at early dawn, her heralds raised a call that echoed in every corner of the cave; and the happy, unselfish, thoughtless throngs assembled. Then when all was silence, the Fairy Queen arose and said: —

"My fairies, I have called you from your rest among the flowers to our assembly-field, and I have important things to tell. For many years we have all lived together in our happy home, forgetting self. But have we thought of others less blessed than we? Lately I have felt that we owe to our Father, who made us and gave us all we have, a debt. At length I asked the Father to tell me how I might pay it. He told me, in a voice without sound, that to redeem ourselves we must sacrifice ourselves to the blessing of others less happy. Above us, on the surface of the great globe, is a populous city in which live many merchants who go to far parts of the world to make purchases, and return to sell to the people of this and the neighboring towns. Between the city and the sea is a desert which these merchants must cross to reach the ports. They must travel many miles without water and in the burning heat. Many perish from thirst, disease, or famine, or are buried in the whirling sandstorms. If, while the merchants are away, the women see clouds of sand rising high and obscuring the sun, they turn pale and cry: 'O Father, be merciful!' Even the very little children learn to dread the desert. They clap their hands when the sun rises in the mountains of the East, and when it falls behind the horizon, they whisper, 'The desert has killed it!'"

Here the Queen paused. Like a momentary rest in the midst of music when all seems still as death, and then you hear the rain dropping on the roof, or a passing footstep, and then the music commences anew; so, when the Queen paused, all was still, and one could feel a thousand little hearts throbbing with sympathy, and all thought, "How can we help these unhappy people?"

Then the Queen commenced anew: "My fairies, the Father tells me in my heart that if we would pay our debt we must help this city; and this then is my plan: we will transform ourselves into a forest and each may be a part, and we will cover over this desert. Thus all of us may help to bless the city. Some of us may be trees, and some streams, and birds, and grass, and flowers. I will help you all."

. . . . . .

That night the moon was gone, and in a cloudless sky the stars were shining clear and bright. All in the great city were asleep. Suddenly the watchmen on the towers of the walls saw, near at hand, and far over the stretches of sand, a mighty forest rise. The watchmen stood with heads uncovered, pale with wonder, the stars of heaven over them, stillness all around them, and saw the forest come. In the early morning of the next day the people could scarce trust their eyes. Yesterday there was dead sand; to-day this arid waste is alive with trees, grass, and flowers. For a while the people were struck dumb, — some with terror, most with awe. It was long before any one dared enter the forest; but at length, little by little, the bolder ones ventured, and found a path through to the sea. And the city grew, and waxed greater still. People came from far countries to witness the beauty of the place and its surroundings, and the inhabitants were more prosperous and happy than ever before. But they never felt quite sure as to how the forest came. But almost every person who entered returned with some story to tell. An old man, as he was journeying, stopped to cut a staff from a tree; and the tree vanished, and there stood before him a fairy, who said: "I am Helpfulness, one of the fairies; thank the Heavenly Father." A fleeing criminal told, that as he was sitting in the shade of a mighty oak, it vanished when he rose to leave, and a fairy came, saying: "I am Compassion, one of the fairies; thank the Heavenly Father." A fairy appeared to a child drinking at a fountain, and said: "I am Cheerfulness, one of the fairies; thank your Heavenly Father." And once a weary traveller was going through the forest, and as he bathed his aching head in a stream, he was met by one of the fairies, who said: "I am Love, Queen of the fairies."

Such tales made the people call the forest the "Fairy Forest." They never knew how it came there, but they took to heart the good lessons, and were grateful to the Father. And thus the city became, not only the greatest in prosperity and happiness, but also the most renowned for the character of its inhabitants. The people were blessed; the fairies were truly happy; the debt was paid; and this is the story of the "Fairy Forest." — *Student Life.*

History and Biography.

SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE.

BY KATHARINE HAGAR.

I READ a few days ago, in an old book, a sentence which shows the noble nature of this bravest and gentlest of knights, this truest of friends, this most devout of men, the good King Louis. The friendly old Crusader, De Joinville, writes, with touching simplicity: —

"I have been constantly with him for twenty years, but never in all my life, for all the passions I have seen him in, did I hear him swear or blaspheme God. When he wished to affirm anything he said, 'Truly it is so,' or, 'In truth it is not so.' I never heard him mention or name the word devil if it was not in some book that made it necessary."

Louis IX. was born in 1215, and his father dying when he was but eleven years old, he was left to the sole charge of his wise mother, Blanche of Castile. At the age of twenty-nine he had a severe illness, and his friends thought he was dead. Recovering his senses and speech, he requested the bishops to put on "his shoulder the cross of the voyage over the sea."

The sixth Crusade was the personal achievement of this devoted Saint Louis. He thought, with all the Christian world of that time, that they must fight Islamism in Egypt before the Holy Land could be delivered. But he was not a great general; the disasters that befell him and his troops were caused by the slowness of his movements. After five months' inactivity at Damietta, which had been abandoned to him in surprise as well as terror by the Mussulmans, his dearly-loved brother Robert, Count of Artois, made a successful onslaught on the Saracens, and then rushed forward with his forces to Mansoura, although he had received a message from King Louis, ordering him to wait for him. He was surrounded by the Mussulmans, and was slain with nearly nine hundred of the bravest French and English knights. After this battle, the King was asked if he had news of his brother. "Yes," was the answer, "he is in Paradise;" and then big tears fell from his eyes. Sickness and disaster followed; the remnant of the army, ten thousand men, were taken prisoners. Louis was held captive for a month, but his serenity was undisturbed. The threats of torture only made him answer, "I am your prisoner, you can do what you will with my body;" and he would accept no terms for ransom that did not include also the ransom of all the Christian slaves in Egypt.

Wherever this most Christian King went, he visited the poor as his friends, he entered hospitals and leper-houses, feeding the blind and helpless himself. He always had a personal care for his soldiers, even assisting with his own hands in burying the bodies of the workmen who had been slain by the Saracens, while repairing the fortifications, — in truth, he saw in the poor and afflicted the image of Christ.

His desire for perfection of character is shown in his words to De Joinville, —

"Would you be honored in this world, and do you desire Paradise after death? Then keep from doing or saying anything which, if discovered, you are not willing to acknowledge."

The last words that he wrote to his daughter were, —

"Dear daughter, the measure according to which we ought to love God is to love Him beyond measure."

Our Letter-Box.

THE long and difficult enigma on Esther, in No. 13, was solved by a number of our readers who showed real persistence in doing so. Ethel B. M. of Providence, R. I., sent correct answers to all the puzzles in No. 13, and was the first to decipher Enigma IX. Eliza M. K., who is but eight years old, sent us a full solution of Enigma IX. in her own handwriting; and we print a letter below from another reader, containing the short story of Esther that was asked for.

In answer to her letter we would say that Ahasuerus had given Haman full power and authority to kill the Jews, because Haman had represented to him that all the Jews scattered throughout his kingdom were rebels. Haman had done this because he hated Mordecai. He was determined on the downfall of that Jew, who held an office in the household of the king, "but he thought scorn to lay hands on *Mordecai alone*." The "Chronicles," which were read to the king, were accounts of the events in his own kingdom, and in hearing them he was reminded of the gratitude he owed to Mordecai for having saved his life. When Esther revealed the fact that she was a Jewess, and the king found also that Mordecai, his faithful servant, was a Jew, his feelings towards the race very naturally changed. He revoked his decree and hanged Haman. It may interest you to know that this king of Persia, called Ahasuerus in the Bible, is the same king you heard of probably when you were learning your alphabet and had the colored alphabet-books given you, in which you read the words, "X stands for Xerxes." Xerxes is the name by which Ahasuerus is known in profane history.

BENNINGTON, VT., Feb. 25, 1886.

DEAR EDITOR, — I think I will send you as short a story of Esther as I can.

In the time of Ahasuerus and the third year of his reign, he made a feast to all his princes and servants. Vashti, the queen, also made one to the women of the palace. On the seventh day he sent for Vashti to come before him, so that the people might see her; but Vashti refused to come. So he sent her away and had some fair maidens brought before him; and he chose Esther, the adopted child of Mordecai. Esther did not let Ahasuerus know she was a Jew for quite a while, as Mordecai had told her not to. Now, the king made Haman above all the other princes of the land. Haman got Ahasuerus to say he would let him kill all the Jews at an appointed day. One night the king could not sleep, so he had Chronicles read to him; and he found Mordecai had saved his life. Then Haman came and said, in answer to the king's question, to dress the man whom "the king delighted to honor" in the royal robes, and carry him on horseback through the city, and proclaim his name. And the king told him to do so to Mordecai the Jew. Now, Haman hated Mordecai because he did not reverence him as the king's servants did, and had built some gallows fifty cubits high to hang him on. The Queen Esther now told the king she was a Jew, and begged of him to spare her and her people. The king agreed to, and let the Jews kill those who wanted to kill them. And he hanged Haman on the gallows he had made for Mordecai, while Mordecai became as great as Haman was.

I do not quite understand Ahasuerus. He was to kill the Jews, but he saved their lives. Esther was quite smart, Haman was mean and wicked, and Mordecai was a persevering and devoted Jew.

EDNA S. KNAPP, 10 years old.

ENIGMA XV.

I HAVE twenty-seven letters.

My 25, 26, 27, 23, 18, was ruling Judea when Christ was born.

My 3, 14, 7, Christ said the kingdom of heaven was like.

My 11, 22, 14, 17, means "so let it be."

My 2, 5, 6, — 10, 16, 24, 8, 14, 15, is what we call God.

My 22, 16, 6, 19, 1, 11, and my 22, 11, 15, 9, were two women who loved Jesus.

My 12, 20, 26, — 14, 21, 26, Christ called the "lamp of the body."

My 13, 4, 22, 14, is what heaven will be to us.

My whole is part of one of the Ten Commandments.

FLORENCE KEITH, 13 years old.

WORCESTER, MASS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 14.

Enigma X. Pencil.
Enigma XI. Bessie Edge Armington.
Enigma XII. He that will conquer must fight.
Enigma XIII. I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land. — JONAH i. 9.

SQUARE WORDS:

1.	2.
Rat.	Cap.
Ape.	Ate.
Ten.	Pen.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

16. See Acts xxi. 39, and Acts xviii. 3.
17. In Jerusalem, by Gamaliel, a celebrated Jewish scholar.
18. See Acts xxiii. 6, and Acts xxii. 28.
19. James, Cephas, and John, for the Jews; Paul and Barnabas, for the Gentiles.
20. St. Stephen.
21. Saul. After his conversion of Servius Paulus, the Pro-consul of Cyprus, on his (Paul's) first missionary tour.
22. Three.
23. Into parts of Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece.
24. At different times, Barnabas, Mark, Silas, Luke, and Timothy.
25. I. and II. Thessalonians and Romans, at Corinth; Galatians and I. Corinthians, at Ephesus; II. Corinthians, at Macedonia; Philemon, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians, at Rome.

For Youngest Readers.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

"NOW, go away, Skippy; Jane Sophia's toothache is very bad this morning, and you must not make any noise."

Skippy was very quiet, but he did not go away. He stood by Mabel's side, watching her closely with his black eyes, which looked very knowing and bright under his curly hair. Mabel did not speak to him again, but turned back to her doll, — her poor Jane Sophia, suffering with a severe toothache.

She walked up and down the room several times with her dolly, then set her in a large chair and tied a handkerchief carefully around her head, taking care to arrange a large bow on the top, and really making Jane Sophia look very pretty.

Then she went to the table, and picking up a large book began to study it, turning over the leaves and pretending to read, "For toothache — give forty-leven drops every thirteen minutes." She closed the book, and tucking it under one of her arms took two bottles from the table and went solemnly back to her Jane Sophia.

Skippy followed close behind her, his tail wagging very fast; he was evidently curious to know what was in those bottles. Now, one of the bottles contained some wonderful toothache drops. Mabel had had pure water at first, but not being contented with the color of her medicine, she had persuaded Grandma to let her have a little Jamaica ginger, and as she had also pounded up a piece of red chalk and put it in, the color was beautiful, and Mabel was sure it would cure.

She put the book and one bottle on the floor, and began to pour from the other into a spoon. Skippy could stand it no longer; his front paws went up on the edge of the chair, his tail wagged so fast there was danger that it would get loose, and he gave a short bark.

"Why, Skippy," said Mabel, "I told you to be quiet; Jane Sophia's tooth is very bad. I have been up with her all night. Go away. Here, Jane, open your mouth."

But Jane did not mind any better than Skippy, and the toothache drops ran over her pink chin and dyed the handkerchief at her throat bright red. Skippy's tail wagged faster still. He cocked his head on one side, his little red tongue hung out of his mouth, and he looked at his little mistress as much as to say, — "Please give me some too."

"You would n't like it," said Mabel, answering the look. "It's toothache drops. But here, I will give you a taste;" and she poured the few drops remaining in her spoon on his tongue.

Skippy jumped down and shook his head, but quickly jumped up again as he saw Mabel pouring out another spoonful.

"You did not like it, did you, Skippy?" asked Mabel, turning towards him. "P'haps your tooth aches too. Poor Skippy," she continued, as a sudden idea came to her.

Skippy's tail wagged so fast his whole body went with it. "Here, open your mouth," said Mabel; and she poured a whole spoonful down his throat.

Poor Skippy! He ran about the room with his tail between his legs, shaking his head, and coughing, and sneezing.

Mabel laughed heartily. "There, Skippy, I told you that you would not like it," she said, laying her hand lovingly on his head, as he ran back to her. "You have n't a toothache, have you? You did n't like it any better than I did, when I teased for some of Grandpa's rhu'tism drops. You don't want any more of Jane Sophia's med'sun, do you?"

Skippy did not answer, but, seeing Mabel take up the bottle again, ran quickly behind the stove, and curled himself up for a nap.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A PET PORCUPINE.

BY MARY DARTT.

"WHO ever heard of such a thing!" I hear some little body exclaim. "I thought they were ugly, spiny creatures, that threw quills into every one who came near them."

Well, they are not pretty, and their backs are covered with spines that are sharp and make bad work with one's flesh if they get into it; still a lady naturalist once had one for a pet.

She lived in Colorado, and found him when he was only a baby porcupine, up among the Rocky Mountains. In some places among those mountains there are a great many of them. The mother of this one had been shot, and the lady felt so sorry for him that she took him home, fed him with milk and nuts and apples, and he grew to be a large porcupine.

She had never been acquainted with any of his family, and was quite surprised to find that, instead of having a "fretful" temper, as Shakspeare would lead one to think, he was very affectionate. He would climb upon her lap to be petted, and was as fond of being stroked and talked to as any kitten.

She had to be very careful always to stroke him the right way, lest his quills should wound her hands, they came out so very easily.

He would climb up on the furniture, and poke his little nose into any box or package that promised him a treat. Several times he stole into the pantry and helped himself to dried fruit and cake; and once, when his mistress was moving, he found a precious box of live-oak acorns, cones, and strange nuts which she had gathered in California. He never dreamed what a disappointment he was preparing for her, as he forced the cover off, and with his naughty little teeth destroyed them all.

He had a funny way of getting down from a high place. He always came down backwards, and felt around on the ground or floor with the end of his tail to see if everything was all right before he let himself wholly down.

His name was Yocko. He had a bed in a box in a back room; and when he began to be sleepy he made queer little cries, and would go to the door of the room that held his box and look up at it, then come back to his mistress and repeat his cries until she opened the door for him.

When dogs came around, he rolled himself up into a ball in such a way that he seemed all spines. No creature cared to touch him then; not that he threw his quills, — he could not do that, — but they came out almost at a touch. Occasionally, a dog would try to find out how the odd ball unrolled; but after one trial would conclude to send his voice, instead of his nose, to make the experiment. It was amusing to watch them bark awhile on one side of him, and then go around and bark on the other; they always kept at such a respectful distance.

Poor Yocko started to go, with a collection of other animals from Colorado, to the Centennial Exposition. The others, with the exception of a family of rattlesnakes, were all stuffed, and so did not mind the journey; but Yocko missed the freedom of his mistress's rooms, and the motion of the cars and the close air in his box made him so sick that he died before he reached Philadelphia.

His mistress had had many queer pets, but she said none of them were more interesting or lovable than Yocko.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 14.

JACK BURR.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

HE stood in the cool kitchen, slowly brushing a well-worn brown coat. His close-cut brown hair was shining; so were his mended shoes. His face, however, was pale, and many shades soberer than usual; for our Jack had the name of being the jolliest boy in all the town. Sister Polly had declared a hundred times in her hearty way that "Jack was the *alivest* boy she ever heard of, and knew how to make sunshine even in cloudy weather." But things seemed completely turned around this June morning. The faithful sun was shining on as usual, and everything without was singing for joy; but Jack's face was decidedly dark, and his voice dreary.

"My son, breakfast is waiting," called his mother kindly, for the third time. "Come while the fish-balls are hot and crisp."

Jack came after a minute, with a dragging step, and silently took the chair opposite his mother, — a place he had filled since his father's death, the year before. Polly smiled her sweetest on him, laying on the prettiest saucer a delicious, great baked apple, and dipping the clear syrup over it, set it before him. "You see I know how to make apples transparent; even mother can't do that," laughed she, patting his arm with her plump little finger. No answer from Jack, though he forced down a mouthful of the apple, and buttered slowly a snowy biscuit. Suddenly a big tear rolled down his cheek and fell on his hand. He hastily pushed back his plate, saying, —

"It's no use, mother. I just cannot go to the office again in that patched coat. I had rather go and dig in Squire Chamberlain's garden all summer. One of the clerks asked me yesterday if it was n't most time to give it to the Sewing Society for their crazy quilt. I tell you I 'm not going there in it again!"

"My boy," said his mother sadly, "we settled this matter last night. You must go to your duty; your father would wish it." His father's name touched and quieted him for the moment; it always did. But he rose, went to the kitchen, took the hated coat from the chair, and started for the door without his usual good-by. The patient mother had followed, and laying her hand on his head, whispered, —

"We said all that can be said on this subject last night. Kiss me, my son, and go to your work like a man; and may the blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith, be yours forever."

Jack's father had died suddenly more than a year before. The owner of the store where he had been employed for many years prized him for his faithfulness, and after the funeral the storekeeper came and offered Jack a position as errand boy.

"The pay of course is small; but obedience and honesty will be sure to make it larger. Good things are not got at one bound, in this world, you know. One round at a time, my boy," said the merchant, in his off-hand way.

To take Jack from school, where he stood "head of his class," was only one more trial for Mrs. Burr. But poverty is a hard master, though in the end it has sometimes proved to be a friend in disguise. There was only one thing to do; so Jack started out one winter morning to take his first step as head of the little household.

"Well, mother dear," cried Polly, as they watched him down the lane, "I know one thing, his heart is solid gold all through. If that is n't being rich, I should like to know what is!"

Jack reached the store much earlier than usual on the unhappy morning just mentioned. No one had yet appeared, and he was thankful; but the hated clerk would be in his place in half an hour. *Could* he keep from striking him with his good, strong fist, if he should even glance down on him with his mocking mouth again? Jack shut his teeth hard together, folded away the patched coat, took the broom, and with all his might began to sweep the room and put things in order for the day. Alas! his heart was more in need of being put in order and cleansing than the soiled and littered floor. It was full of envy and anger.

What was that shining thing which the flying broom sent spinning across the floor? Jack pushed among the dust and shreds, and took up, with a wild thrill, a gold piece. He bent towards the window. Ten dollars? He scanned it more eagerly, — *ten dollars!* Yes, there it was, stamped letter by letter. It grew large before him; big as the world it seemed. What would it not buy? "It is mine, of course; nobody else owns it. It may have laid under that old secretary for years. *Now* I can —" A step was heard on the stairs. He slipped the money into his vest pocket; his heart knocked against it hard enough, he thought, to throw out his precious treasure. He seized the broom and bent to his task. No, he would *not* speak to that mean, mocking Rob in his new ulster!

"Mornin' to you, Jackey. Sold your coat? You seem to be out in your summer suit, eh!" said Rob, passing to the room beyond.

Jack's blood boiled, but the gold piece was a mighty support to him just then. "Let's see him dare when I get that blue suit down at Wilson's."

The merchant bade Jack a cheery "Good-morning" just then, and kindly noticed the cool, tidy room. After a busy day of running upstairs and down cellar, and carrying bundles hither and yon, Jack entered the cool kitchen again about five o'clock with almost a smile on his face. Mother and Polly looked happy, and the dainty supper awaiting him was a great success.

Jack went to his bedroom early, took out the gold piece the first thing, rubbed it bright, rang it on the table, balanced it on his fingers; somehow it did n't look as good at the close of the day as at the beginning. There was a kind of pain down deep; he could not deny it. I wonder if it had anything to do with the Golden Text he had learned only the Sunday before, and which now looked him in the eye from the large calendar on his mantel-shelf: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." He had entirely forgotten it up to this moment; now the letters seemed to blaze into his eyes. He dropped the money wearily into his pocket again, and crept into bed.

As he was very tired, he soon fell asleep. But sometime in the night he woke suddenly and in trouble; the gold piece pressed heavily upon him. "I cannot return it now," he thought. "I have kept it all day; they will call me a thief. What *can* I do?" He tossed from side to side, trying to shut out the bright thing in sleep. "Oh, it is worse than the dreadful coat! What *can* I do?" moaned Jack.

Sometime during those silent night hours the Holy Spirit told him what to do. It would cost a terrible struggle, but Jack's heart, as Polly said, was gold down deep. "*I will do it, I will!*" He leaped out of bed, dressed, and went softly to his mother's room, where all the painful story was told. There were tears of sorrow, but more of joy; and by and by Jack leaned down on the foot of mother's bed, and fell asleep.

It was a real hero, my readers, that walked up to the merchant's desk next morning, and laying the gold piece before him, told, with fast-beating heart, all its shameful history.

And it was a Christian friend, in all the great meaning of that great word, who, some weeks after, called at Jack's home, and, after some kind words with the noble mother, left a box marked, "For Jack," in which lay a new suit of clothes, and, pinned into the vest pocket, a note containing only these words: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."

HOLY WEEK.

AN EXERCISE FOR EASTER.

BY A TEACHER.

Teacher. There is a certain week in the year that is called Holy Week. What does it commemorate?

1*st Scholar.* The crucifixion of Christ with its attendant circumstances. It is called "holy" because all things connected with his life and death are sacred to us.

T. What other name is sometimes given to this week?

1*st S.* It is sometimes called Passion Week.

T. What does the word "passion" mean in this connection?

1*st S.* It means suffering.

T. Do we find it used, in this sense, in the New Testament?

1*st S.* We do. In the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, third verse, we find this written: "He [that is Christ] showed himself alive after his *passion* [meaning his crucifixion] by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

T. You say it is called Holy Week because it is the week in which Christ was crucified. Can you tell me on what day that event occurred?

2*d S.* On Friday. In computing the number of days or months from any given event, the Jews always counted in the day or month on which the event occurred. The Scriptures tell us that Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, the third day after his crucifixion, which, according to the Jewish reckoning, must have been on Friday?

T. What do we call that day?

2*d S.* Good Friday.

T. Why do we call it "good" when it witnessed the sufferings and death of our Saviour?

2*d S.* Because of the great blessings we have received from his self-sacrificing death. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.)

T. If, then, we call the day of his crucifixion "good," how much more should we love and hallow that on which he rose from the dead.

2*d S.* We do hallow it. To-day is the anniversary of that event, and it is to celebrate it, that we are met together.

T. What do we call this day?

3*d S.* Easter.

T. What is the origin of the word "Easter"?

3*d S.* It is probably derived from the name of the feast of the Teutonic Goddess of Spring, Ostera, which was celebrated by the ancient Saxons, in the early spring, and for which the first missionaries wisely substituted this Christian festival.

T. What is the name "Easter" supposed to signify?

3*d S.* It comes from the old word *oster*, meaning "rising," because nature rises anew in the spring.

T. What other word have we which has the same derivation?

3*d S.* The word "east," denoting that part of the heavens in which the sun rises after the darkness of the night. So this day is *Easter*, because it is the day on which Christ rose from the darkness of the grave.

T. How do we know that the resurrection took place at this time of the year?

3*d S.* We know that Christ was crucified at the time of the Jewish feast of the Passover, which was celebrated at about this time.

T. What is this feast of the Passover?

4*th S.* It was the first of the three great annual festivals of the Israelites, and was designed to commemorate their deliverance from the bondage of the Egyptians. It was celebrated on the fourteenth day of the month Nisan, which nearly corresponds to our month of March.

T. Was our festival of Easter, which, you say, nearly corresponds in date with that of the Passover, always celebrated at this time?

4*th S.* It was not. The early Christians celebrated it at the time of the Jewish Passover, the fourteenth or fifteenth of March. Later they became unwilling to celebrate a day with that nation, although for so different a purpose, and, in the fourth century, it was decreed by the Council of Nice, that we should commemorate the resurrection of our Lord on the first Sunday when the moon is full, after the twenty-first of March.

T. In what manner did the early Christians celebrate this day?

5*th S.* By various religious observances. One custom of theirs, still practised by those belonging to the Greek Church, is quite interesting. When they first meet each other on that day, one accosts the other in this manner, "Christ is risen!" and is answered, "Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." In England the custom grew up of presenting colored eggs elaborately adorned and called "Easter eggs."

T. Why should you think they would make use of eggs on this festival?

5*th S.* As a symbol of the resurrection, for, as a Latin proverb says, "All life comes from an egg."

T. How is the day celebrated in other countries, now?

6*th S.* Very much as we commemorate it, only with more ceremony and pageant, especially in Rome. There the most elaborate services of the Catholic Church are performed, the exercises of the day terminating with the grand illumination of the Cathedral of St. Peter.

T. What can you say of the spirit and import of this day?

6*th S.* It is the most joyful festival of the Church, and is observed by Christians of every name in every part of the world.

"Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high.
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die!"

(*Let the school sing an Easter Song.*)

Teachers' Department.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

THE subject for discussion at the meeting, March 15th, was, "The Sunday-School as a Preparation for Citizenship."

The debate was opened by Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, the author of the text-book, "Citizen and Neighbor." Mr. Dole said: —

"I should like, if possible, to help to dispel a certain curious prejudice about the subjects fit for the Sunday-school. Many seem to feel that the discussion of what they deem the merely secular subject of citizenship is not fit. People will come from houses where the Sunday "Globe" or "Herald" has been on the table, and shake their heads over the propriety, in Sunday-time, of teaching children their duties as citizens. Teachers may entertain their children by reading them story-books; they may discourse on the botany of the Holy Land, spend weeks over Solomon's temple, or even hunt up the middle verse of the Bible; but as soon as any one suggests a text-book which does not profess directly to study the Bible, it is charged that the Sunday-school is being secularized.

"We can never repeat too often what the Sunday-school is for. It is to *make moral character;* to go farther, — to make a particular type of character. There is a sturdy kind of character so far as truth and justice are concerned, which is at the same time compatible with decided selfishness. The Sunday-school stands for a quite different conception of character, the ruling idea of which is *love*. We make this type clearer by taking the personal name of Jesus Christ. The Sunday-school exists to make men and women of Jesus Christ's type of character, — the type of love instead of selfishness. 'But does not the Sunday-school teach religion?' We answer by asking what religion is? It is a certain *temper* or attitude which a man takes as he looks upon life. It is religion to look on the world as *Jesus Christ looked on it*, with love towards men, alacrity towards work, and infinite trust in God. Now, let us suppose a band of teachers devoted to the definite aim of making Jesus Christ's type of character. They would necessarily be those who aimed to think and look upon life in Jesus's fashion as the children of God. We do not need to insist upon the particular methods such teachers must use in the Sunday-school; the main thing is, — that they look on life from the point of view of religion, and not of indifference and doubt; that they have a definite aim towards the Christ-like type of character. We will not suppose, at first, that these teachers say a word distinctly about the duties of men as citizens; we will only suppose that they help boys and girls to live the life of love in place of selfishness, and to think of the world as God's world and not a lost world, — for it seems sometimes as if there were Unitarians who think of the world as lost, that is, as if there were no God in it. These children will be what their teachers are, obedient, public-spirited, patriotic, large-hearted. You can't bring a child to live Jesus Christ's sort of life and not make a good citizen.

"Now suppose our teachers to miss these good qualifications, that they are selfish at heart, and do not look on life from the point of *religion* as God's children, but are generally sceptical whether life is worth living. Such teachers might teach nothing but the Bible and the life of Christ, but they would not therefore help a soul to *live like Christ*. The truth is, it is not secular subjects of which earnest people are afraid. It is the selfish and secular spirit. It is not citizenship they are really afraid to have taught, it is religion taught as though it was not real, the life or ideas of Jesus as if they were not practical for men to-day.

"Let us altogether put away the conventional idea about the difference between things secular and things religious. The difference is not in the *things*, it is in the way of *looking on the things*, for all things are religious to an eye that sees God everywhere. The question is, what subjects and what books will best train the child's mind and heart to think, and trust, and live as Jesus did, which applies directly to the subject of teaching the duties of citizenship in the Sunday-school. Is it important to conduct to study Hebrew history, and not important to learn the reasons why a man ought to vote, or why one ought not to use his office and place to serve himself or even his friends?

"Some one says that these are subjects for the high school and college. And what if they are? The high school and college cannot look at them as the Sunday-school can. The school and college study the facts; the church and Sunday-school apply the *law of love* to the facts. They say, not 'what are the facts?' but, 'what kind of life must one lead to change the facts as they now are, to what they ought to be?' There are grave problems enough that meet this generation; louder comes the voice of the nation for true and well-trained men who shall dare to do right, and it is our business to make them."

Mr. W. H. Baldwin, President of the Young Men's Christian Union, spoke next. He thought this the most important subject yet brought before the Union. Both boys and girls should be taught their duty towards the State, and the important fact that each one's influence counted. Whatever

went to make up the religious and moral character was a fit subject for the Sunday-school.

The President, Mr. J. O. Norris, asked in what way such instruction had better be given, whether in special classes or in general school-teaching.

Mr. C. H. Wilson said that there was no better book for teaching such duties than Mr. Dole's "Citizen and Neighbor," and that out of the ten years generally spent in Sunday-school, surely one might well be devoted to the study of that subject. The reason it had not been successful was because the parents were against it.

Mr. N. W. Ladd believed there were two methods of teaching the duties of citizenship; one, to use a text-book; the other, which he preferred, to infuse into all the teaching the spirit of devotion to the public good. There were no subjects more interesting to the mind of youth than these, and no time when such teaching was more important than now.

Rev. Brooke Herford said he should take the other side. To him, the thing to be taught in the Sunday-school was not the duties of citizenship, but the character that makes a good citizen, which he contended could be done by the study of the Bible and of religion. In certain cases such a book as Mr. Dole's might be used with benefit, but he thought it could not be so used generally.

Rev. H. G. Spaulding did not think Mr. Dole had intended his paper to be a plea for the use of his book. The book grew out of a special need; was designed as a help to retain the young men of seventeen and eighteen in the schools, and had worked admirably. It had passed already into a second edition, and had attracted the attention and respect of the general public.

It is not alone a spotless life that makes a good citizen; but the feeling that public duty ranks above all other duties, — that Cæsar is not to be loved less, but Rome more. Rome has left us the legacy of an ideal love of country and of citizenship. She fell only because she lacked the spirit of Christ and of religion. The highest type of man is he who lives for the brotherhood.

Mr. R. C. Humphreys did not think that citizenship was an "outside matter." Everything the Sunday-school undertakes to teach has to do with true citizenship.

Mr. H. S. Sears deprecated the introduction on any outside subjects, such as he regarded the duties of citizenship, into Sunday-school teaching. He disliked even the teaching of *mere* morality. *Religion* was what the Sunday-school was to teach.

Mr. E. A. Whitman felt that there would be less objection from the parents if they understood it was the *principle* of the thing, — the *ethics* of buying and selling, — that they tried to teach. Practical religion should be "sandwiched in" to all other teaching in the Sunday-school.

Mr. Nazro could not divorce religion and morality. Christ did not omit to teach the importance of those so-called outside matters, when he said: "These things ought ye to have done and not to have left the others undone."

Mr. J. W. Porter rose to correct the apparent impression that our youth were not taught all about political economy in the public schools; or that they were growing up without a feeling of patriotism. It was not so.

Mr. J. O. Norris believed in direct instruction on the subject. The political troubles in our country came not from a lack of knowledge but from a lack of inclination to do the duties of a true citizen. Part of the duty of a true Christian was to be a true citizen.

Mr. Baldwin closed the discussion with some anecdotes of well-known Boston business men, which refuted the idea sometimes held by youth, that to be a true Christian is incompatible with being a good business man. He mentioned the names of Charles Faulkner, Joseph Eads, and Henry P. Kidder.

A MAN in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Will you tell me the best way to get a supply of teachers?

If there is a royal way, we do not know it. But to secure the best teachers, and sometimes to obtain any, the minister or superintendent must make personal appeals to the individuals desired. A general call is apt to result either in no responses, or in recruits of the undesirable kind.

Have the most successful teachers been those who adapt their illustrations to their classes, or those who fixedly go through their lessons, whether or not the classes are interested?

The first mentioned are usually the successful teachers, because they treat the needs of the special pupils, and meet the different exigencies. This semi-spontaneousness is the secret of victory in any line of education. No doubt the teacher who seeks to vary and adapt the lessons may often fall below the routine teacher in effectiveness; but the average result will be higher.

Do you believe in prizes for best attendance?

Yes.

Can a teacher succeed who is neither charming nor agreeable?

Well, it is possible, but not common. To be neither attractive nor agreeable leaves for qualification ability, — that is, accomplishments and scholarship, wit and wisdom. These will draw and hold certain pupils of advanced years; but in Sunday-schools, where no compulsion can be exerted to enforce attendance, the quality of agreeableness, or good-nature, is certainly a prime requisite for binding pupils to the teacher.

What new things, if any, will the Sunday-School Society offer in the Unitarian building?

Our Society will occupy one of the stores, in which it is proposed to put a larger stock of goods than has been formerly shown. It is hoped that the place will be visited freely, and used as headquarters by our friends and constituency. Books can be ordered, information obtained, apparatus seen, appointments made; in short, it is hoped that all our work will assume larger aspects and completer details in the new rooms. Possibly two projects, already broached, will find consummation: a loan library for teachers and superintendents, and a bureau of second-hand books of all kinds for distribution among needy schools. Lack of space has had a great deal to do with the retarding of our work; that obstacle will be removed.

Is it advisable to tell the whole truth, always, to young pupils?

This question from an earnest teacher brings up an old and oft-discussed subject. What is one person's standard of duty in this matter is not another's, both being equally conscientious. Our view is, that discretion in teaching innovating truths, and adaptation of ideas to the age and capacity of young children are as necessary in religious instruction as in other branches of education. The aim should be to abstain from two injurious methods: first, the imparting of revolutionary views in such fulness as to overload and distort the pupil's mind, so that our truth becomes error, owing to the incapacity of the child to grasp the situation; second, not to teach anything which must be unlearned, and which antagonizes the truth as we see it. "First the blade, then the ear," etc. But the "blade" must be of a character to develop the correct ear and full corn in due time. Very much depends upon the intelligence and antecedents of the pupils.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. — No. 27. Sincerity. No. 28. Watching against Temptation.

Sincerity. The teacher cannot impress too strongly on the minds of his pupils the worth of this virtue. It lies at the foundation of moral character. The sincere man is without guile or hypocrisy. He is open and frank in all his dealings. He conceals nothing, and is always willing that the whole truth should be known about anything that he has said or done. He keeps the injunction which St. Louis of France wrote to his friend: "Would you be honored in this world? Then keep from saying or doing anything which, if discovered, you are not willing to acknowledge." No virtue leads sooner to worthy and lasting friendships; for everybody wants sincerity in his friend. The insincere are always distrusted. True manhood always has the ring of genuineness.

Watching against Temptation. It is worth while to explain as fully as possible the real meaning of the petition, "Lead us not into temptation." From the days of the early Christian Fathers it has always troubled devout and sensitive spirits. A Quaker whom I knew never heard the Lord's prayer recited in a public assembly without rising at its close to utter the protest of his conscience against what he regarded as an unworthy expression; as if, he used to say, our Heavenly Father would or could lead us into temptation. Yet it is easy for men to be overnice with reference to the language of deep emotion. The desire of the petitioner is the same, whether he says, Let me not be led into temptation, or cries out with the strong yearning of a sorely tried spirit, Lord, lead me not into temptation. The cry comes from the consciousness that we are weak, and the allurements of sin are strong. The bird who has once escaped the fascination of a serpent would pray, if he could pray at all, not to be placed in such peril again. There is special force in the word "into." We may pass by a temptation and have no fear of it. Thoughts and suggestions of evil spring up in the mind, which are not dangerous if they are at once dismissed. Our peril is when occasion from without unites with an inward weakness. When the lighted match is brought close to the powder, then we should pray, "Lead us not into this temptation;" and the only safe rule of action for young or old to follow is to *resist the first beginnings of every temptation.* That is the way to act in the spirit of the prayer. So to act, whenever solicitations to an unchaste desire or an impure deed are presented, is the sure way to keep the jewel of our purity "unspotted from the world."

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